

ticket
to
write

r. m. s.
U C B

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I chose to use a non-commercial license because I don't make any money from this book either.

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introduction

Before we begin, I have to explain a few things.

- i) what this is. I am congenitally incapable of working without a framework of rules. I hadn't written in months, and I was getting desperate. My rules were: I had to write a poem, about whatever I was thinking about at the time, on the ticket of every bus trip I took between January 9 and February 26, 2017. I did allow myself to edit while I was typing them out. And then I did it again between September 12 and November 15, for pretty much the same reason.
- ii) the content. Strange though it may seem, I was actually pretty sane for most of these.
- iii) the slight inconsistencies. To the left you see the back and front of the original. To the right you see what I've tidied up, polished, and sorted out the line breaks for.

And as usual, I have to thank a few people without whom this would not have happened.

- i) My mum, the English teacher, for assuring me that free verse is still poetry, and reading every poem as it walked in the door.
- ii) My dad, for subsidizing some of the tickets, and thinking of the title for the project.
- iii) Walter (& Haelix!), for giving me the idea of *do a book* and guiding me through the deeply confusing process of printing it.
- iv) and A., for frequently reminding me to breathe, and for a few quotes here and there.

and so, without further ado...
ladies and gentlemen ,
permit me to present you some poems.

"Supposition"

Suppose for a moment
That we have a choice.

That we humans can
cut the moorings
Go anywhere
See anything.

Suppose all of time and
space lie open before us,
waiting.

'Houston, we have liftoff!'
But pause.
consider.

Suppose we can never
ever
come back.

This isn't your '50%
chance to Mars'.

This is for sure.

Would you still
come with me?

It's okay.

The moment is over.

www.busitl.co.nz
Keep TKI for Inspection

BUSIT!

Route 13

Driver: 11655

Ticket: 2357

Fare: SV Adl Sr¹ \$2.40
From

To

Card: 145045

Credit left: \$8.40

Time: 17:06

10 Jan 17

** Transfer Expires **

6:06 PM

* Free transfer trip
* within city boundary
* boarded before expiry
* NOT TRANSFERABLE *

0800 4 BUSLINE

0800 4 2875463

www.busitl.co.nz

supposition

Suppose for a moment
That we have a choice
That we humans can
cut the moorings
Go anywhere
See anything.
Suppose all of time and space lie open before us
Waiting.
"Houston, we have liftoff!"
But pause.
Consider.
Suppose we can never
ever
come back.
This isn't your '50% chance to Mars.'
This is for sure.
Would you still come with me?
It's okay.
The moment is over.

'Blue Shift
 Claustrophobia'
 The edges close in,
 Walking, the universe
 seems endless, a single
 city vast. Drive. Sail.
 Fly. Email. The world
 pulls together,
 a fitted sheet
 with the Riff in corners.
 Why travel
 when the people There
 - you only travel for people
 are at your fingertips?
 I long
 for the crisp finality
 of the waterfall
 at the end of the world.
 I have endless edges,
 forming a closed ball.

Keep TKT For Inspector

BUSIT!

Route 9

Driver: 10592

Ticket: 41287

Fare: SV Adl Sal \$2.40

From

To

Card: 145045

Credit Left: \$6.00

Time: 07:59

13 Jan 17

** Transfer Expires **

08:59 AM

* Free Transfer Trip *
 * Within City Boundary *
 * Boarded before expiry *
 ** NOT TRANSFERABLE **

0800 4 BUSLINE

0800 4 2875463

www.busit.com.au

blue-shift claustrophobia

The edges close in.

Walking, the universe
seems endless, a single
city

vast.

Drive. Sail. Fly. Email. The world
pulls together
a fitted sheet
with the Rift in corner #5.

Why travel

when the people There
- you only travel for people -
are at your fingertips?

I long

for the crisp finality
of the waterfall
at the end of the world.

I have endless edges
forming a closed ball.

'Take or Leave It'

How do you go back in time?

Forward is ~~hard~~ an endless
murky plain.

Choose your own adventure, but
you have to get there yourself.

To go back...

Just fall.

Tip over the edge
of the cliff

that nibbles at your heels,
that nibbles the edge of time.

Moving fast enough
to escape the pull of the cliff -
not easy.

A life's work, yet
still doomed to failure.

Fall.

Falling is flying.

It is cool & quiet & peaceful

Down here.

The cliff at the edge of time
is bottomless.

You can fly forever.

Suicide is painless.

That doesn't mean
it's a good idea.

www.BUSIT.CO.NZ
Keep TKI for Inspector

BUSIT!

Route 13

Driver: 11655

Ticket: 410

Fare: SV Ad1 Sg1 \$2.40

From

To

Card: 145045

Credit Left: \$3.60

Time: 17:07

13 Jan 17

** Transfer Expires **

6:07 PM

* Free Transfer trip *
* within CITY boundary *
* boarded before expiry *
* NOT TRANSFERABLE *

0800 4 BUSLINE

0800 4 2875463

take or leave it

How do you go back in time?
Forward is hard, an endless murky plain.
Choose your own adventure, but
you have to get there yourself.
To go back,
Just fall.
Tip over the edge
of the cliff
that nibbles at your heels,
that nibbles at the edge of time.
Moving fast enough
to escape the pull of the cliff—
not easy.
A life's work, yet
still doomed to failure.
Fall.
Falling is flying.
It is cool & quiet & peaceful
Down here.
The cliff at the edge of time
is bottomless.
You can fly forever.
Suicide is painless.
That doesn't mean
it's a good idea.

Tightrope'

A certain balancing act
ensues upon
the friendly 'bing' of
a new Outlook message.
-Is it from someone I like?
If no, answer quickly,
get rid, get rid.

If yes, Outlook is
no longer friendly.

'Hi Rose' - nononononoonooooo
peeking through fingers
the ineffectual shield

I place between myself
& the minefield of replying.
Immediately? They'll know
their email made my day
&I had nothing better to do.
Wait a few hours, days? Comt.
I'll think of nothing else.

At least letters
have inbuilt delay.

- 8 -

tightrope

A certain balancing act
ensues upon
the friendly *bing* of
a new Outlook message.
Is it from someone I like?
If no, answer quickly,
get rid, get rid.
If yes, Outlook is
no longer friendly.
'Hi Rose' - no-no-no-no-no
peering through fingers
the ineffectual shield
I place between myself
& the minefield of replying.
Immediately?
They'll know
their email made my day
& I had nothing better to do.
Wait a few hours, days?
Can't.
I'll think of nothing else.
At least letters
Have built-in delay.

'Why So Serious?'

The golden dawn
that breaks across your face
& fills you with light
until you could almost
fly away on it.

That you remember
the shape of
on your lips & teeth & eyes
& recreate alone
in the mirror at home

Only to realize
you were grinning idiotically
& look stupid when you smile
& feel sick. After that
you try to smile less.

*** Not a Valid ***

*** Ticket ***

Driver: 60064

Module: 548300

Time: 17:02

Date: Wed, 18 Jan 17

SmartCard Updated

Card:145045

Value Added: \$20.00

Card Cash Is: \$21.20

*** Not a Valid ***

*** Travel Ticket ***

why so serious?

*or, why looking happy to see people
is a bad idea*

The golden dawn
that breaks across your face
& fills you with light
until you could almost
fly away on it.
That you remember
the shape of
on your lips & teeth & eyes
& recreate alone
in the mirror at home
Only to realize
you were grinning idiotically
& look stupid when you smile
& you feel sick.
After that
you try to smile less.

BUSIT!

Route 17A

Driver: 11652

Ticket: 3870

are: SV Adl Sgl \$2.40

From

To

pp:

Card: 145045

Credit Left: \$16.40

Time: 07:49

19 Jan 17

** Transfer Expires **

08:49 AM

* Free transfer trip *
 * within city boundary *
 * boarded before expiry *
 ** NOT TRANSFERABLE **

0800 4 BUSLINE

0800 4 2875463

'A particular type
 of person'

What does it say about
 you as a person

when you are
 for some reason unknown
 but still quite genuine

AFRAID

of getting what you want?

When you dream about
 this thing asleep & awake,
 rehearse the words you'll use

to tell people you've finally got it
 And this goes on for months

Years maybe

Until you reach your goal.

Clear the penultimate hurdle.

Only one thing remains, & it is
 so small:

To stretch out your hand
 and possess your heart's desire.

And you turn & walk away.

Because you cannot really

imagine it being yours.

What does that say?

a particular type of person

What does it say about
you as a person
when you are
for some reason unknown but still quite genuine
AFRAID
of getting what you want?
When you dream about this thing asleep and awake,
rehearse the words you'll use
to tell people you've finally got it.
And this goes on for months
Years maybe
Until you reach your goal.
Clear the penultimate hurdle.
Only one thing remains, & it is
so small:
To stretch out your hand
and possess your heart's desire.
And you turn & walk away.
Because you cannot *really*
imagine it being yours.
What does that say?

'Better'

There is a strange loss
that manifests itself mostly
as a ball of hot disappointment
acid & choking in the throat
at the instant of one's
hardest-won,
most longed for,
most intensely obsessed love;
in short, one's greatest
achievement.
This loss says
'How the hell did you do that?'
It says, 'You didn't do that.'
Not really.
They let you win.
Someone in the office
felt sorry for you.
It was a random chance
you didn't deserve.
At length you believe it. You
keep fighting, hoping someday
to win for real, but
the knowledge seeps in fuses
with your psyche: it is better
to travel hopelessly
than to arrive.

Keep IKT for Inspector

BUSIT!

Route 13

Driver: 11551

Ticket: 1008

Fare: SV Adl Sgl \$2.40
Fro

To

Card: 145045

Credit Left: \$14.00

Time: 17:40

19 Jan 17

Transfer Expires **

6:40 PM

* Free Transfer Trip *
* within city boundary *
* boarded before expiry *
* NOT TRANSFERABLE *

0800 4 BUSLINE

0900 4 2875463

www.bust.com.au

better

There is a strange loss
that manifests itself mostly
as a ball of hot disappointment
acid & choking in the throat
at the instant of one's
hardest-won
most longed-for
most intensely obsessed over
in short, one's greatest achievement.
This loss says
'How the hell did you do that?'
It says, 'You didn't do that.
Not really.
They let you win.
Someone in the office felt sorry for you.
It was a random chance.
You didn't deserve it.'
At length you believe it. You
keep fighting, hoping someday
to win for real, but
the knowledge seeps in,
fuses
with your psyche:
It is better
to travel hopefully
than to arrive.

'A Moment of Greatness'

I walk here, fast, relentless,
 eyes narrowed
 in a sharpshooter's glare
 against the blazing sun.
 My scarf, scarlet flag of
 'no retreat, baby, no surrender'
 dances out before me,
 blood on the breeze.
 Striding out of the burning
 West,
 sun and wind behind me,
 a shadow on the silent
 afternoon streets of the city,
 I am the oncoming storm.
 Reaching the corner,
 I halt, feet planted,
 scanning the horizon;
 a warrior.
 A traveler.
 A legitimate badass.
 The moment passes.
 I am not a warrior.
 I am a nerdy student
 and I have a bus to catch.

www.BUSIT.CO.NZ

SEE TKI For Inspection

BUSIT!

Route 3

Driver: 11646

Time: 46110

Fare: d1 Sgl \$2.40

From:

To:

Card: 145045

Credit Left: \$11.60

Time: 07:49

20 Jan 17

** Transfer Expires **

08:49 AM

* Free transfer trip *

* within city boundary *

* boarder b. expl. *

* NOT for transfer *

0800 1 80 LINE

0800 4 287 463

a moment of greatness

I walk here, fast, relentless,
eyes narrowed
in a sharpshooter's glare
against the blazing sun.
My scarf, scarlet flag of
'No retreat, baby, no surrender'
dances out before me,
blood on the breeze.
Striding out of the burning
West,
sun and wind behind me
a shadow on the silent afternoon streets of the city,
I am the Oncoming Storm.
Reaching the corner,
I halt, feet planted,
scanning the horizon;
a warrior.
A traveler.
A legitimate badass.
The moment passes.
I am not a warrior.
I am a nerdy student
and I have a bus to catch.

'On writing
a scientific paper
as an undergraduate'

Wilde had a point.

It is often necessary
to listen - or read -
very closely
in order to understand
what one is saying.

'The wavefunction baz' -
when you don't know
the name of the symbol ψ -
'is calculated from the
integral' - I can't integrate
'of the peak at 107.3 ppm' -
nobody will tell me why
the units are ppm.

so I look up
nearly every other word
write what I know
stab at what I don't
and hope my supervisor
can sort out the mess.

BUSIT!

Route 13

Driver: 11611

Ticket: 128

Fare: SV Adl Sal \$2.40

From

To

Card: 145045

Credit Left: \$9.20

Time: 17:08

20 Jan 17

** Transfer Expires **

6:08 PM

* Free transfer trip *
* within city boundary *
* boarded before expiry *
** NOT TRANSFERABLE **

0800 4 BUSLINE

0800 4 2875463

www.kireit.co.nz

on writing a scientific paper as an undergraduate

Wilde had a point.

It is often necessary

to listen - or read -

very closely

in order to understand

what one is saying.

'The wavefunction *bzz*' -

when you don't know

the name of the symbol Ψ -

'is calculated from the

integral' - I can't integrate -

'of the peak at 107.3 ppm' -

nobody will tell me why

the units are ppm.

So I look up

nearly every other word

write what I know

stab at what I don't

and hope my supervisor

can sort out the mess.

'Thinking About Nothing'

It is an odd sensation
to be accidentally
thinking about nothing.
shards and scraps
of an untidy timeline
clutter the trading floor
blocking the deposition
of conscious thought.
'carry on my wayward son -
a green door slamming
snatched from the hand
by the wind - a smile,
white crescent moon in
the changing sky of
someone's face - 'Meichido'
with uncertain vowels -
spinning in a chair
under the blazing TV lights.
What is needed
is a sort of psychic broom
to sweep up every memento
the sad detritus of yesterday.

Keep 1K1 For Inspector

BUSIT!

Route 9

Driver: 10147

Ticket: 42219

Fare: SV Adl Sgl \$2.40

From

To

1

Card: 145045

Credit Left: \$6.80

Time: 08:01

25 Jan 17

Transfer Expires

09:01 AM

Free Transfer Trip
Within City Boundary
Issued before expiry
NOT TRANSFERABLE

0800 4 BUSLINE

0800 4 2875463

www.busit.co.nz

thinking about nothing

It is an odd sensation
to be accidentally
thinking about nothing.
Shards and scraps
of an untidy timeline
clutter the trading floor
blocking the deposition
of conscious thought.
'Carry on my wayward son' -
a green door slamming,
snatched from the hand
by the wind - a smile,
white crescent moon in
the changing sky of
someone's face - '*Mōichido*'
with uncertain vowels -
spinning in a chair
under blazing TV lights.
What is needed
is a sort of psychic broom
to sweep up every morning
the detritus of yesterday.

'Weathering' 1

It is pouring rain
firing rain
on unholy trinity of Weather
sleet rain hail
pounding face & blinding glasses
forcing its way inside raincoat
blasted along on the gale.

I am in a hurry
bent almost double into the wind
battling my way down the road
almost toppled by every gust.

The cold seeps
through soaked splashed jeans
and boots
and jersey
into bones. My hands decide
to wake up when it's warmer.
Then a shop doorway.

Bakery.

A breath of warm still
sweet-scented air. A moment
out of the wind, & on I go.
The storm has not abated, but one
important thing
is different.

Keep It! For Transport

BUSIT!

Route 9

Driver: 10147

Ticket: 42462

Fare: SV Adl Sgl \$2.40

From

To

1

Card: 145045

Credit Left: \$4.40

Time: 08:01

27 Jan 17

** Transfer Expires **

09:01 AM

* Free Transfer Left *
* WITHIN CITY boundary *
* boarded before expiry *
** NOT TRANSFERABLE **

0800 4 BUSLINE

0800 4 2875463

www.busit.co.nz

weathering 1

It is pouring rain
firing rain
an unholy trinity of Weather
sleet rain hail
pounding face & blinding glasses
forcing its way inside raincoat
blasted along on the gale.
I am in a hurry
bent double into the wind
battling my way down the road
almost toppled by every gust.
The cold seeps
through soaked splashed jeans
and boots
and jersey
into bones. My hands decide
to wake up when it's warmer.
Then a shop doorway.
Bakery.
A breath of warm still sweet-scented air.
A moment
out of the wind, & on I go.
The storm has not abated.

'Weathering' 2

And the sun pours molten gold
from the blue-hot crucible
of the sky
And the cicadas roar outrage
from treehunks dried for weeks
& the leaves rattle autumnally
(so hot so hot)
& the asphalt bubbles up
ectoplasmically
from the chiseled road
& stick-stick-stick like gum
on my feet with each step.
& the land & sky & town all
tremble
under the sun
& there is a long way to go.
My arms - neck - face - head all
prickle, damp but not cooled,
fresh sweat, dry salt, sunburn.
& then a bridge.
Shade underneath & the
cool breeze rising from the river.
A moment to rest, & on I go.
The heat is still searing, but one
important thing
is different.

www.BUSITL.CO.ILC
Keep IKT for Inspector

BUSIT!

Route 13

Driver: 10285

Ticket: 10356

Fare: SV Adl Sgl \$2.40

From

To

Card: 145045

Credit Left: \$2.00

Time: 17:35

27 Jan 17

** Transfer Expires **

6:35 PM

* Free Transfer Trip *
* within city boundary *
* boarded before expiry *
** NOT TRANSFERABLE **

0800 4 BUSLINE

0800 4 2875463

weathering 2

And the sun pours molten gold
from the bluehot crucible
of the sky
And the cicadas roar outrage
from treehusks dried for weeks
& the leaves rattle autumnally
(so hot so hot)
& the asphalt bubbles up
like ectoplasm
from the chipsealed road
& stick-stick-stick like gum
on my feet with each step
& the land & sky & town all tremble
under the sun
& there is a long way to go.
My arms – neck – face – head all
prickle, damp but not cooled
fresh sweat, dry salt, sunburn
& then there is a bridge.
Shade underneath, & the cool breeze
rising from the river.
A moment to rest, & on I go.
The heat is still searing.

'Thoughts on a stub
someone else left
in the ticket machine'

I wonder who you were.
Not are.

Not necessarily. You may be
someone who never
ever

leaves their ticket half-torn
potential litter

a panting tongue between
the teeth of the machine.

But at 0758, at stop 26,
there you were.

For all the world as though
inspectors didn't exist.

Were you tired? Were you
in a hurry?

Will I ever know & does it matter?

No man is an island

(there I go, riffing off Donne,
as if a thousand better writers
haven't already) but it seems

we are still very English: all
on one continent & yet

only the very adventurous
know what is down the river,
over the ridge, OUTSIDE.

On the other hand,

who am I
putting \$15 on my card
one minute later
and does that matter either?

Stop:27

8 Foreman Rd (Fleet Im

Card: 168766

Credit Left: \$8.70

Time: 07:58

31 Jan 17

** Transfer Expires **

08:58 AM

* Free Transfer Trip *
* Within City Boundary *
* Boarded Before Entry *
** NOT TRANSFERABLE **

0800 4 BUSLINE

0800 4 2875463

www.busit.co.nz

Keep IKI for Inspector

BUSIT!

*** Not a Valid ***

*** Ticket ***

Driver 11644

Module 535010

Time 07:59

Date Tue, 31 Jan 17

SmartCard Updated

Card:145045

Value Added: \$15.00

Card Cash Is: \$17.00

*** Not a Valid ***

*** Travel Ticket ***

*thoughts on a stub someone else left
in the ticket machine*

I wonder who you were.

Not are.

Not necessarily. You may be
someone who never
ever

leaves their ticket half-torn
potential litter

a panting tongue between
the teeth of the machine.

But at 0758, at Stop 26,
there you were.

For all the world as though inspectors didn't exist.

Were you tired? Were you in a hurry?

Will I ever know & does it matter?

No man is an island

(there I go, riffing off Donne,
as if a thousand better writers
haven't already) but it seems
we are still very English: all

on one continent & yet
only the very adventurous
know what is down the river
over the ridge, *OUTSIDE*.

On the other hand,
who am I

putting \$15 on my card
one minute later
and does that matter either?

'Obsession'

'So you're an addict,' he says.
'So be addicted.'

And I am - I am - but
such a whore of an addict.
It is not in me to be faithful
to one drug.
Writing.
People.

One specific person.

Peanut butter.

Eating.

Not eating.

Books.

Saving every cent.

For a month a year two years
everything centers on a tiny thing
of inestimable weight ^{present} horizon
until I glance above the
Damn, my life imploded again!
Find something to focus on until
the craving eats itself, starves.
Methadone gets you off heroin.
They don't say what to do
if you get hooked on that.

BUSIT!

Route 9

Driver: 11644

Ticket: 7

Fare: SV Adl Sgl \$2.40

From

Card: 145045

Credit Left: \$14.60

Time: 07:59

31 Jan 17

★ Transfer Expires ★★

08:59 AM

★ Free transfer trip ★
★ within city boundary ★
★ boarded before expiry ★
★ NOT TRANSFERABLE ★

0800 4 BUSLINE

0800 4 2875463

obsession

'So you're an addict,' he says.

'So be addicted.'

And I am - I am! - but

such a whore of an addict.

It is not in me to be faithful

to one drug.

Writing.

People.

One specific person.

Peanut butter.

Eating.

Not eating.

Books.

Saving every cent.

For a month a year two years

everything centers on a tiny thing

of inestimable weight

until I glance above the event horizon

'Damn, my life imploded again.'

Find something to focus on until

the craving eats itself, starves.

Methadone gets you off heroin, they say.

They don't say what to do

if you get hooked on that.

'The House with the skips
in front
has a courtyard'

Driving by, looking
from a few degrees
left-of-normal,
that house does not rise
a grimy white cliff
straight from the sidewalk
the skips & broken tables
are not at the front of it.

The camellia conceals
a driveway
opening into a courtyard
the real front is clean,
quite out of keeping
with the neighborhood.

Is it not the same
with people?

You think you know someone
& then by a small & cautious chance
realize you were looking
at the back of the house
all along.

www.DUETT.CO.HZ

Keep Ticket For Inspector

BUSIT!

Route 13

Driver: 11541

Ticket: 3178

Name: SV Adl Sal \$2.40

From

To

Card: 145045

Credit Left: \$12.20

Time: 17:06

31 Jan 17

** Transfer Expires **

6:06 PM

* Free Transfer Limit *
* Within City Boundary *
* Added before expiry *
* NOT TRANSFERABLE *

0800 4 BUSLINE

0800 4 2375463

Small text at bottom of ticket

*the house with the skips in front
has a courtyard*

Driving by, looking
from a few degrees
left-of-normal,
That house does not rise
a grimy white cliff
straight from the sidewalk
the skips & broken tables
are not at the front of it.
The camellia conceals
a driveway
opening into a courtyard
the real front is clean,
quite out of keeping
with the neighborhood.
Is it not the same
with people?
You think you know someone
& then by a small & curious chance
realize you were looking
at the back of the house
all along.

'Dysmelodia in email'

Are you so brusque
because I annoy you
& you are replying quickly
to make me go away
or is that how you always
have
always will
talk
& I never noticed
because the light in your eyes
the electric enthusiasm
in your voice
illuminate the words
make neon signwriting
out of serif newsprint
& turn 'brusque'
into an art form
the art of economising words?
Am I brusque?
Forgive me
if I do not reply for
a while.
I am coming to terms
with the poverty
of the electronic word.

www.bustl.co.nz
Keep IKT for Inspector

BUSIT!

Route 9

Driver: 11644

Ticket: 8155

Fare: SV Ad1 Sq1 \$2.40
Fro

Card: 145045

Credit Left: \$9.80

Time: 08:03

01 Feb 17

** Transfer Expires **

09:03 AM

* Free transfer trip *
* within city boundary *
* boarded before expiry *
** NOT TRANSFERABLE **

0800 4 BUSLINE

0800 4 2875463

dysmelodia in email

Are you so brusque
because I annoy you
& you are replying quickly
to make me go away
or is that how you always
have
always will
talk
& I never noticed
because the light in your eyes
the electric enthusiasm
in your voice
illuminate the words
make neon signwriting
out of serif newsprint
& turn 'brusque'
into an art form
the art of economizing words?
Am I brusque?
Forgive me
if I do not reply for a while.
I am coming to terms
with the poverty
of the electronic word.

'My Ghosts'

I don't want
to write about the ghosts.
The way to good writing is
yes
set pen to page & open a vein
& poetry more so
poems they say
must come from the heart
but the ghosts
aren't from the heart
they're personal.
Everyone
however 'liberated', 'modern',
has something personal.
for me it is ghosts.
They are the shadow
gliding past in daylight.
The sudden bewilderment
like a slap to the throat.
The halt midstride
because the ground might not
be solid anymore.
The seeing something moving
that's not there.
The second glance. & third.
And even if I give you
all the rest
the ghosts are mine.

Boarded B
** NOT TRANS

0800 4 BUSLINE

0800 4 2875463

www.busit.co.nz

Keep TKI for Inspection

BUSIT!

Route 2

Driver: 11587

Ticket: 46971

Fare: CH SGL SV \$1.70

From

To

Card: 145045

Credit Left: \$8.10

Time: 17:21

01 Feb 17

** Transfer Expires **

6:21 PM

* Free Transfer Trip *
* within city boundary *
* boarded before expiry *
* NOT TRANSFERABLE *

0800 4 BUSLINE

0800 4 2875463

my ghosts

I don't want
to write about the ghosts
The way to good writing is
yes
set pen to page & open a vein
& poetry more so
poems they say
must come from the heart
but the ghosts
have nothing to do with
my so-called heart
they're personal.
Everyone
however 'liberated', 'modern'
has something personal.
for me it is ghosts.
They are the shadow
gliding past in daylight
The sudden bewilderment
like a slap to the throat
The halt midstride
because the ground might not
be solid anymore
The seeing something moving
that's not there.
The second glance. & Third.
And even if I give you
all the rest
the ghosts are mine.

'Conformity'

They are building the riverbanks higher for the time of year is coming when the sluices upriver open

& Ann Street & the other places where the grass slopes down into the water are flooded.

This is unacceptable in a town built across a river so they steepen the banks force the river to conform to the town's convenience & this goes on & the river bends into shape

but some wet winter it will be itself again & the flood will be sudden & intense over the built-up banks

Keep TKT for Inspector

BUSIT!

Route 9

Driver: 11644

Ticket: 18110

Fare: STUDENT SV \$1.70

From

To

Card: 145045

Credit Left: \$6.40

Time: 08:04

02 Feb 17

** Transfer Expires **

09:04 AM

* Free transfer trip *
* within city boundary *
* boarded before expiry *
** NOT TRANSFERABLE **

0800 4 BUSLINE

0800 4 2875463

conformity

They are building
the riverbanks higher
for the time of year is coming
when the sluices upriver
open
& Ann Street
& the other places where
the grass slopes down into the water
are flooded.
This is unacceptable in a town built across a river
so they steepen
the banks
force the river to conform
to the town's convenience
& this goes on
& the river bends
into shape
but some wet winter
it will be itself again
& the flood will be sudden & intense
over the built-up banks.

'Summer Rain'

Anything is possible
in the rain.

On a bright sunny morning
it is enough

to snuggle into the day
live in the moment
& like it too.

But in the rain
rain after many summer days
hot & dry & effortful

for the cool fresh drops

lead your hot neck
drip through your fringe
& wake you

from the sleep of mere
consciousness.

& the petrichor
rising from hot cement
is a potent drug

waking
all the latent daydreams
of things you thought
you couldn't do.

www.bustl.co.nz

Keep IKT for Inspector

BUSIT!

Route 9

Driver: 11644

Ticket: 19609

Fare: STUDENT SV \$1.70
From

To

Card: 145046

Credit Left: \$4.70

Time: 08:01

03 Feb 17

** Transfer Expires **

09:01 AM

* Free transfer trip *
* within city boundary *
* boarded before expiry *
** NOT TRANSFERABLE **

0800 4 BUSLINE

0800 4 2875463

www.bustl.co.nz

summer rain

Anything is possible
in the rain.

On a bright sunny morning
it is enough
to snuggle into the day
live in the moment.

But in the rain
rain after many summer days
scorched & dry & effortful
the cool fresh drops
bead your hot neck
drip through your hair
& wake you
from the sleep of mere consciousness.
& the petrichor
rising from steaming cement
is a potent drug
waking
all the latent daydreams
of things you thought
you couldn't do.

'Seeing an old friend
in the street
after a long time'

Wandering
down a long straight road
all the time in the world
turning now & then
to watch cars go by
& as you turn back
to what you were doing
(avoiding a box of bottles)
in the corner of your eye
in the shadow of the pines
is a shape - someone -
your mind shouts at you
for no apparent reason
to look at again

& while you don't quite know
who it is
you know it matters
& you run
boots clumsy in haste
S/- piece clattering on your bag
& you are grinning like a fool
& you don't care
because you've worked out
who it is

~~Seeing an old friend
in the street
after a long time
Wandering
down a long straight road
all the time in the world
turning now & then
to watch cars go by
& as you turn back
to what you were doing
(avoiding a box of bottles)
in the corner of your eye
in the shadow of the pines
is a shape - someone -
your mind shouts at you
for no apparent reason
to look at again
& while you don't quite know
who it is
you know it matters
& you run
boots clumsy in haste
S/- piece clattering on your bag
& you are grinning like a fool
& you don't care
because you've worked out
who it is~~
Hello how are you!

Keep TKT for Inspector

BUSIT!

Route 2

Driver: 10620

Ticket: 19800

Fare: STUDENT SV \$1.70
From

To

Card: 145045

Credit Left: \$3.00

Time: 17:26

03 Feb 17

** Transfer Expires **

6:26 PM

* Free transfer trip *
* within city boundary *
* boarded before expiry *
** NOT TRANSFERABLE **

0800 4 BUSLINE

0800 4 2875463

www.bustle.co.uk

*seeing an old friend in the street
after a long time*

Wandering
down a long straight road
all the time in the world
turning now & then
to watch cars go by
& as you turn back
to what you were doing
(avoiding a box of bottles)
in the corner of your eye
in the shadow of the pines
is a shape - someone -
your mind shouts at you
for no apparent reason
to look again
& while you don't quite know
who it is
you know it matters
& you run
boots clumsy in haste
5/- piece clattering on your bag
& you *are* grinning like an idiot
& you don't care
because you've worked out who it is.
& 'Hello, how *are* you!'

The Extent of the Swing

It is strangely difficult
to write serious poetry
when one is for a change
wildly happy.

Equally difficult
is to recognize in the moment
the downswing
the split-second
of perfect immobility
neither manic nor depressive
but still

that stretches out
an instant of eternity
and is oddly conducive
to the terse economy
of free verse.

It could be useful
as a sort of clock
Measuring the erratic motion
of an imperfect pendulum?

Can I write poetry? - No.

Am I relentlessly sad - No.
How bizarre.

I must
be happy.

WWW.DUSTL.CO.NZ

Keep TKT for Inspector

BUSIT!

Route 9

Driver: 10592

Ticket: 34876

Fare: STUDENT SV \$1.70

From

To

Card: 145045

Credit Left: \$1.30

Time: 08:04

07 Feb 17

** Transfer Expires **

09:04 AM

* Free Transfer Trip *
* within city boundary *
* boarded before expiry *
** NOT TRANSFERABLE **
WARNING, CARD VALUE LOW

0800 4 BUSLINE

0800 4 2875463

the extent of the swing

It is strangely difficult
to write serious poetry
when one is for a change
wildly happy.
Equally difficult
is to recognize in the moment
the downswing
the split-second
of perfect immobility
neither manic nor depressive
but still
that stretches out
an instant of eternity
and is oddly conducive
to the terse economy
of free verse.
It could be useful
as a sort of clock
Measuring the erratic motion
of an imperfect pendulum:
Can I write poetry? - No.
Am I relentlessly sad? - No.
How bizarre.
I must
be happy.

They Say You Can't Stop The Falling Of The Rain

In the darkness
of the early morning
the rain rattles on the window
liquid language,
a thousand tiny tongues
chattering fast enough in chorus
That in the moment between
sleep & waking } o shadow-fine
dreaming & living } distinction!
when I am not my own
but belong, life or death,
to the 7-times-slower dream,
I can hear that whole litany.
Things to be done today
& tomorrow
& next week
& the rain catalogs them all
& there is not time
in the waking world
for all that must be done
but I drink darkness
hot & bitter
& go out into the rain, too slow
to hear it awake, too slow
to finish everything in time.

BUSIT!

Route 9

Driver: 11644

Ticket: 1689

From: UNI SV \$1.70

To:

To:

Card: 145045

Credit Left: \$8.50

Time: 06:59

12 Sep 17

** Transfer Expires **

07:59 AM

* From transfer trip *
* within city boundary *
* boarded before expiry *
** NOT TRANSFERABLE **

0300 4 BUSLINE

0300 4 2875463

*they say you can't stop the falling of the
rain*

In the darkness
of the early morning
The rain rattles on the window
Liquid language,
a thousand tiny tongues,
chattering fast enough in chorus
That in the moment between
sleep & waking
dreaming & living
(o shadow-fine distinction!)
when I am not my own
but belong, life or death,
to the 7-times-slower dream,
I can hear their whole litany.
Things to be done today
& tomorrow
& next week
& the rain catalogs them all
& there is not time
in the waking world
for all that must be done
but I drink darkness
hot & bitter
& go out into the rain, too slow
to hear it now I am awake, too slow
to finish everything in time.

'But Why Bus Tickets?'

Because it is paper I get given every morning.

Because it likes biro ink, smooths the crinkles in the line of the pen.

Because the paper rustles differently silvery

& holds its shape. Good paper.

But mostly

I have many things to work out.

Things I need to notice fully.

There is space here to notice

without losing the thread. Board bus.

Receive limited space to write & limited time to think.

A prefab structure, if you will.



'but why bus tickets?'

Because it is paper
I am given every morning.
Because it likes biro ink,
smooths the rivulets
in the line of the pen.
Because the paper rustles
differently
silvery
& holds its shape.
Good paper.
But mostly
I have many things
to work out.
Things I need to notice fully.
There is just space here
to notice
without losing the thread.
Board bus.
Receive limited space to write
& limited time to think.
A prefab structure, if you will.

A matter of perspective

I wonder,
How do others see the world?
Certainly green is not
All things to all men
We tested it in the lab once.
I called 'spring green'
What he swore birded was
20 nm into yellow.

Take cars, I learn their names
that way I'm sure:

EGE 457, XS4521, BI 3807,

I know the names of friendly cars

As you might learn
the names of human friends.

Cars are people, yellow is green,
red is unfriendly. I am not
looking at the tree

I am looking at the sky
caught in its branches

How can we talk
if I will never know what
your world looks like
But we are both watching
the same goldfinch
balanced on a fence?

www.Busit.co.nz

Keep It! For Inspector

BUSIT!

Route 2

Driver: 11544

Ticket: 827

Fare: CH SGL SV \$1.70

From

To

Card: 145045

Credit Left: \$6.80

Time: 15:57

12 Sep 17

** Transfer Expires **

4:57 PM

* Free transfer trip
* within city boundary
* boarded before expiry
** NOT TRANSFERABLE **

0800 4 BUSLINE

0800 4 2875463

a matter of perspective

I wonder
How do others see the world?
Certainly *green* is not
All things to all men.
We tested it in the lab once.
I called 'spring green'
what he swore blind was
20 nm into yellow.
Take cars, I learn their names
that way I'm sure:
EGE457, XS4521, BI3807,
I know the names of friendly cars
As you might learn
the names of human friends.
Cars are people, yellow is green,
red is unfriendly; I am not
looking at the tree
I am looking at the sky
caught in its branches.
How can we talk
if I will never know
what your world looks like
while we are both watching
the same goldfinch
balanced on a fence?

Wednesday morning: The Checklist

Standing in the middle
of the room
sneakers on but laces
trailing across the floor
roots
tugging me to here & now
I try to remember
what I have forgotten.
To practice this morning?
Did that.
Hit my face on a bike
not enough space. Done.
What they called
the deepest level in Inception?
Well yes.
But I didn't need to remember it.
Not right now. (Sword? Yes.)
Brush teeth? Yes. Done that.
Bus card? In pocket
with coins & key
Scratching ~~my~~ off its
Lecture notes? Got those.
The kings & queens of England
think I am calling them
& parade through in order.
I remember them all right.
Then it hits me.
Oh yes. Tie shoes.

www.BUSIT.CO.NZ
Keep TKI For Inspector

BUSIT!

Route 52A

Driver: 60050
Ticket: 973
Fare: UNI SV \$1.70
From
Mat
To
C
Credit Left: \$5.10
Time: 06:59
Card: 145045

13 Sep 17
** Transfer Expires **
07:59 AM

* Free transfer trip *
* within city boundary *
* boarded before expiry *
** NOT TRANSFERABLE **

0800 4 BUSLINE
0800 4 547244

wednesday morning: a checklist

Standing in the middle
of the room
sneakers on but laces
trailing across the floor
roots
tying me to here & now
I try to remember
what I have forgotten.
To practice this morning?
Did that.
Hit my face
on a hanging bike
not enough space. Done.
What they called
the deepest level in Inception?
Well yes.
But I didn't need to remember that.
Not right now. (Sword? Yes.)
Brush teeth? Yes. Done that.
Bus card? In pocket
with coins and key
Scratching Fairfield Bridge off its face.
Lecture notes? Got those.
The kings and queens of England
think I am calling them
& parade through in order.
I remember them all right.
Then it hits me.
Oh yes.
Tie shoes.

In Praise of the
Original Green
One tries so hard
to maintain a Tone: the
slightly quirky
irreverent sharp-tongued
poet who could any moment
slip back to Angst.
Conventional contrived
lyric poetry
not one's thing of art
But the clouds
scud across the sky
blank black wall
& flying darkness all around
& a single block of sunlight
slams into a kowhai tree
spilling golden flame
over the tree
over the ground (daffodils)
& midtown is a riot
of saturated color in the air
& the oaks on the bottleneck
are bringing out new leaves
perfect perfect brilliant green
& maybe/leaves had a point
after all.

Keep TKT for Inspector

BUSIT!

Route 2

Driver: 10702

Ticket: 11326

Fare: UNI SV \$1.70

From

To

Card: 145045

Credit Left: \$1.70

Time: 16:22

18 Sep 17

** Transfer Expires **

5:22 PM

* Free transfer trip *
* within city boundary *
* boarded before expiry *
** NOT TRANSFERABLE **
WARNING, CARD VALUE LOW

0800 4 BUSLINE

0800 4 2875463

www.hustit.co.nz

in praise of the original green

One tries so hard
to maintain a Tone: the
slightly quirky
irreverent sharp-tongued
poet who could any moment
slip back to Angst.
Conventional contrived
lyric poetry
not one's thing at all.
But the clouds
swirl across the sky
blank black wall
& flying darkness all in one
& a single block of sunlight
slams into a kowhai tree
slipping golden flame
over the tree
over the ground (daffodils)
& midtown is a riot
of saturated color in the rain
& the oaks on the battleground
are bringing out new leaves
perfect perfect brilliant green
& maybe
Keats had a point
after all.

What Happens When
A Poem Tries to
Share a Brain With
Useless Trivia.
Taste of cold
tingling long after
rinse & spit & rinse
(sodium stearate is
a foaming agent
added to toothpaste) makes
the fresh air taste
sparkling & delicious
(it activates cold receptors
in the mouth)
Dew sparkles on the fine
shards of grass
(the cohesive properties
of water cause it to form
near-spheres)
Comfortable converse squeak
(this property of the rubber, +
thin soles
ironically unfit them for sport)
in the rain leftover
from last night
(hence, rain drops are also
spherical.)
Another
fine morning / fine poem
spoiled with too many facts.

BUSIT!

Route 9

Driver: 10592

Ticket: 6488

Fare: UNI SV \$1.70

From

To

Card: 145045

Credit Left: \$10.00

Time: 07:00

19 Sep 17

** Transfer Expires **

08:00 AM

* Free Transfer Limit
* within city boundary
* boarded before 08:00 AM
** NO TRANSFER **

0800 4 BUSLINE

0800 4 2875463

what happens when a poem
tries to share a brain
with useless trivia

Taste of cold
tingling long after
rinse & spit & rinse
*(sodium stearate is a foaming agent
added to toothpaste)*
makes
the fresh air taste
sparkling & delicious
(it activates cold receptors in the mouth)

Dew sparkles on the
fine shards of grass
*(the cohesive properties of water
cause it to form near-spheres)*
comfortable Converse squeak
*(this texture of the rubber, plus the thin soles
ironically unfits them for sport)*
in the rain left over
from last night
(hence, raindrops are also spherical...)

Another
fine morning
fine poem
spoiled by too many facts.

Faster

I am so sorry but
 I cannot show you
 How I did that
 block-strike-counterstrike thing
 avoided the defense & won
 the game
 truth be told I was not watching
 & I don't know myself.
 I am so sorry but
 I did not know it was
 'clavicle' a 'a bone meaning
 little key'
 truth be told I derived it
 via clavichord & clef & some
 leftover high school French
 & still answered before
 the chap who knew the answer.
 'You'll only get faster' you say
 I already run on 16k wpm
 how much faster can I get
 before I go up in flames?

Keep TKI for Inspector

BUSIT!

*** Not a Valid ***

*** Ticket ***

Driver 10592

Module 517719

Time 07:00

Date Tue, 19 Sep 17

SmartCard Updated

Card:145045

Value Added: \$10.00

Card Cash Is: \$11.70

*** Not a Valid ***

*** Travel Ticket ***

faster

I am so sorry but
I cannot show you
how I did that
block-strike-counterstrike thing
avoided the defenses & won
the game
truth be told I was not watching
& I don't know myself.
I am so sorry but
I did not know it was
'clavicle' that was 'a bone meaning
little key'
truth be told I derived it
by way of clavichord & clef & some
leftover high school French
& still answered before
the chap who knew the answer.
'You'll only get faster' you say
I already run at sixteen thousand words a minute
how much faster can I get
before I go up in flames?

Echoless Chamber

They say there are
echo chambers
on the web
places you go to hear
nothing you don't already
believe.
To me at those outside
I have not found any.
I have found instead
on the street corners
of Raddit and Facebook
and Wordpress and real life
fine
strong brilliant people
who will gracefully change
the subject
when it gets heated
but not their opinion
except for overwhelming evidence
and I am grateful
for enthusiastic fan girls
for goddess-worshipping rockers
for gentle encouraging writers
who turn to iron when crossed
for midnight conversations
about poetry history religion science
for a brilliant physicist who ^{spares} the time
for all the people who disagree
& taught me to say
'I really don't know!'

www.hic.it.CO.HIZ

Keep 181 for Inspector

BUSIT!

Route 17

Driver: 10683

Ticket: 717

Fare: UNI SV \$1.70

From

to

To

Card: 145045

Credit Left: \$8.30

Time: 19:27

19 Sep 17

** Transfer Expires **

8:27 PM

* Free transfer trip *
* within city boundary *
* boarded before expiry *
** NOT TRANSFERABLE **

0800 4 BUSLINE

0800 4 2875453

www.hic.it

echoless chamber

They say there are
echo chambers
on the web
places you go to hear
nothing you don't already
believe,
to mock at those outside.
I have not found any.
I have found instead
on the street corners
of Reddit and Facebook
and WordPress and real life
fire
strong amazing people
who gracefully change
the subject
when it gets heated
but not their opinion
except in the face of overwhelming evidence
and I am grateful
for enthusiastic fangirls
and goddess-worshipping radfems
and gentle encouraging writers
who turn to steel when crossed.
For midnight conversations
about poetry history religion science
for a brilliant physicist who
spares the time to talk
for all the people who disagreed
& taught me to say
'I really don't know'
& to make
my own conclusions.

Talking To Myself

Yeah, morning, spacewaste,
that's enough doesn't work
I think she likes
the attention

& stays at my elbow.

You won't finish the reading
You'll fail the course
lose your summer

For Force sake I say
panic is an overblown response
to oversleeping an hour
just after the clocks change.
she was up all night
running away
from Jaime Lannister - idiot.
she gets upset
when I forget

the heavy elements, & replays
the most sickening failures
at the worst moments
chanting stupid stupid stupid
so in this vast empty universe
spacewaste (no cap)
is the worst name I can call her
so I do

& she retaliates in kind
(frankup frankup moron loser)
3we candidly detest each other
but... know her?
of course I know her.
she's me.

www.BUSHTT.CO.UK

Route 9

Driven: I also 1999

Ticket: UNT 01

From: 70

8 Foreman Rd

Card: 145045

Cred: 1.11.11.11.11

Time: 09:01

25 Sep 17

Transfer: 09:01 AM

0800 4 887100

0800 4 287548

talking to myself

'Yeah, morning, spacewaste,
that's enough' doesn't work
I think she likes
the attention

& stays at my elbow.

You won't finish the reading

you'll fail the course

lose your summer

For *Force* sake I say

Panic is an overblown response
to oversleeping an hour
just after the clocks change.

She was up all night
running away

from Jaime Lannister – idiot –

she gets upset

when I forget

the heavy elements, & replays
the most sickening failures

at the worst moments

chanting stupid stupid stupid

and in this vast empty universe
spacewaste (no cap)

is the worst name I can call her
so I do

& she retaliates in kind

(f**kup f**kwit moron loser)

& we candidly detest each other
but... know her?

Of course I know her.

She's me.

Sirens of Titan

It is interesting
to have all the trappings
of belonging to the city
while essentially rootless.
Knowledge of bus routes
& drivers / & times

A library card
signed with my name in child's writing
my parents 1st house as Mr & Mrs
down the road from the exam place.
I can give & take directions by
'where the yellow toyshop once was',
'the old Farmers', 'the sleazy
2nd hand store
with the fairy on'.

The local laird painted me once
not as cool as it sounds.

I know what direction
the weather comes from
& the feel of the mud
when the river is high
but I am blown along by a wind
off a different ocean
where memory hangs heavy
& roots are too deep too fast
& you never really leave
or perhaps no real ocean at all
perhaps I am still looking
for an unknown shore
where I can stay uncrowded
by yearning for a distant home.

KEEP IT TO THE INTEREST

BUSIT!

Route 2

Driver: 10620

Ticket: 2886

Fare: UNI SV \$1.70

From

To

Card: 145045

Credit left: \$4.90

Time: 17:23

25 Sep 17

** Transfer Expires **

6:23 PM

* Free transfer trip *
* within city boundary *
* boarded before expiry *
** NOT TRANSFERABLE **

0800 4 BUSLINE

0800 4 2875463

sirens of titan

It is interesting
to have all the trappings
of belonging to the city
while essentially rootless.
Knowledge of bus routes
& drivers
& times
A library card
signed with my name in child's writing.
My parents' first house as Mr. & Mrs.
down the road from the exam place.
I can give & take directions by
'where the yellow toyshop was',
'the old Farmers', 'the skeevy
second-hand store
with the fairy on it'.
The local laird painted me once
not as cool as it sounds.
I know what direction
the weather comes from
& the feel of the mud
when the river is high
but I am blown along by a wind
off a different ocean
where memory hangs heavy
& roots are too deep too fast
& you never really leave
or perhaps no real ocean at all
perhaps I am still looking
for an unknown shore
where I can stay
uncrowded
by yearning for a distant home.

In Search of Melancholy

There is also magic
in the cool predawn twilight
in drinking bad coffee in the dark
while the lights from the port
still dimly reflect
in the glassy lake of the sky.
in the distant thunder of traffic
faintly heard from an empty street
waiting
for the bus the dawn the apocalypse
something
and the clouds hurry past
running late to join the storm
and I am
for a few moments under no lights
the only person on earth.
One finds this breathless quiet
on the edges of things
a day
a cliff
an airport departure gate
because in places anything can
happen
something
just might.
Have
like on Springsteen's Thunder Road
there is mercy for mistakes
do-overs for fumbled sentences
the oblivion
deep & engulfing
of human irrelevance
And then the sodium lights blink off
and the day begins in earnest.

WWW.BUSIT.CO.UK
Keep TKT for Inspection

BUSIT!

Route 9

Driver: 10489
Ticket: 114
Fare: UNI SV \$1.70
From 70
To

Card: 145045
Credit Left: \$3.20
Time: 06:58

26 Sep 17
** Transfer Expires **
07:58 AM

* Free transfer trip *
* within city boundary *
* boarded before expiry *
** NOT TRANSFERABLE **

0800 4 BUSLINE
0800 4 2875463

in search of melancholy

There is also magic
in the cool predawn twilight
in drinking bad coffee in the dark
while the lights from the port
still dimly reflect
in the glassy lake of the sky.
And in the distant thunder of traffic
faintly heard from an empty street
waiting
for the bus the dawn the apocalypse
something
and the clouds hurry past
running late to join the storm
and I am
for a few moments under sodium lights
the only person on earth.
One finds this breathless quiet
on the edges of things
a day
a cliff
an airport departure gate
because in places where anything can happen
something
just might.
Here
like on Springsteen's Thunder Road
there is mercy for mistakes
do-overs for fumbled sentences
the oblivion
deep & engulfing
of human irrelevance.
And then the street lamps blink off
and the day begins in earnest.

Ducks

Someone once said
the ideal scientist
resembles a duck on a fast river
On the surface **all** is serene
but where you can't see them
the legs are going like crazy.
In the same way
the calm gesture of
a mass spectrum
of one of Fred's
less massive
equally annoying cousins
while saying
'this bit over here
is a trigonal fragment, Au
tris-triphenylphosphite'
represents
eighteen hours in the lab
two computer programs
accidental memorization
of twelve atomic weights
frustration expressed
in three languages
It finally
late at night
OH, THERE'S SODIUM IN!!
Ah chemistry.
You don't get much further away
But replacing 'I conjecture'
with 'we have found'
is very nearly worth it.

Keep TKT for Transfer

BUSIT!

Route 2

Driver: 10337

Ticket: 4665

Fare: UNI SV \$1.70

From

To

Card: 145045

Credit Left: \$1.50

Time: 14:28

26 Sep 17

Transfer Expires

3:28 PM

* Free transfer trip
* within city boundary
* boarded before expiry
** NOT TRANSFERABLE **
WARNING: CARD VALUE LOW

0800 4 BUSLINE

0800 4 2875463

www.brit.co.uk

ducks

Someone once said
the ideal scientist
resembles a duck on a fast river.
On the surface all is serene
but where you can't see them
the legs are going like crazy.
In the same way
the calm gesture at
a mass spectrum
of one of Fred's
less massive
equally annoying cousins
while saying
'this bit over here
is a trigonal fragment, Au
tris-triphenylphosphine'
represents
eighteen hours in the lab
two computer programs
accidental memorization
of twelve atomic weights
frustration expressed
in three languages
& finally
late at night
Oh, there's sodium in!!!
Ah chemistry.
You don't get much for the money
But replacing 'I conjecture'
with 'we have found'
is very nearly worth it.

Great Gain

And here we are again
with nothing really to say.
Guardian headline: 'I'd rather
be content than happy'
says famous actress
but she's not wrong.
Contentment is
the state of having nothing to say.
When the weather is okay
just okay (or raining; doesn't matter;
it's a state of mind)
and assignments are due
but few enough, far enough
Not to raise stress
above baseline
so nothing is really wrong
& nothing is
extra-specially right.
And I am noticing everything -
a bi-colored camellia
schoolchildren playing in the park
every other front garden
overflowing with cherry or magnolia
the 5-digit phone number
still painted on the corner store
but I have nothing new to say
and then it hits me
is this contentment
or the apathy of a sleepless night
and a long day ahead?

BUSIT!

Route 9

Driver: 10623

Ticket: 1863

Fare: **UNI SV** \$1.70

From

70

To

8 F

Card: 145045

Credit Left: \$19.80

Time: 07:32

28 Sep 17

**** Transfer Expires ****

08:32 AM

* Free transfer trip *
* within city boundary *
* boarded before expiry *
**** NOT TRANSFERABLE ****

0800 4 BUSLINE

0800 4 2875463

www.bund...

great gain

And here we are again
with nothing really to say.
Guardian headline: *'I'd rather
be content than happy'*
says famous actress
but she's not wrong.
Contentment is
the state of having nothing to say.
when the weather is okay
just okay
or raining; doesn't matter
it's a state of mind
and assignments are due
but few enough
far enough
not to raise stress
above baseline
so nothing is really wrong
& nothing is extra-specially right.
And I am noticing everything:
a bicolored camellia
schoolchildren playing in the park
every other front garden
overflowing with cherry or magnolia
the five-digit phone number
still painted on a corner store
but I have nothing new to say
and then it hits me
is this contentment
or the apathy of a sleepless night
and a long day ahead?

Electronica Lullaby

There is something oddly
perhaps irrationally
soothing
about manually drawing molecules,
crystal structures even better
*click*click* rough grate
of mouse dragging on desk
accompanied by
the ordered proliferation
of delicate black lines
all alike
a tree growing through a Cnet.
Autofill on Excel is similar:
summoning
a cascade of calculations
& before you can blink
all your dilutions
are accounted for.
The effortless order appeals.
Better/but infinitely harder
is doing it all by hand
in purple fountain pen.

Keep T&I for Inspector

BUSIT!

*** Not a Valid ***

*** Ticket ***

Driver 10623

Module 530244

Time 07:32

Date Thu, 28 Sep 17

SmartCard Updated

Card:145045

Value Added: \$20.00

Card Cash Is: \$21.50

*** Not a Valid ***

*** Travel Ticket ***

electronica lullaby

There is something oddly
perhaps irrationally
soothing
about manually drawing molecules
crystal structures even better
*click*click* rough grate
of mouse dragging on desk
accompanied by
the ordered proliferation
of delicate black lines
all alike
a tree growing through a carbon net.
Autofill in Excel is similar
summoning
a cascade of calculations
& before you can blink
all your dilutions are accounted for.
The effortless order appeals.
Better
but infinitely harder
is doing it all by hand
in purple fountain pen.

*Not to Scale

You'd have to pay attention
to know anything was happening.
The children on the platform
are always fighting
shoving each other on & off buses.
I'm keeping my head down,
reading. Quietly.
A bus full of people all
twice my size... ^{to be noticed}
not somewhere I want ~~to be~~
the shouting is different now
not the shrill half-play usual-
banter/angry
when adults fight it's serious
and other people step in
& the bus pulls away
odd sense of detachment
like a ship off the coast
of a war zone
it's bad, okay,
but I'm out of reach so not too bad
until another bus starts moving
ponderously slow
& there is something chilling
watching the biggest car crash
you can imagine
imminent & in slow motion.
Driver stops in time.
security break up the fight.
A 400-lb queen (this word not mine)
winks, getting off @ his stop, &
you have a great day, giiiiiiii!
a little perspective is a dangerous
thing.

Keep 181 For Inspector

BUSIT!

Route 17

Driver: 11676

Ticket: 6158

are: UNI SV \$1.70

From

To

ilverdale (Opp. Uni Gate)

Cards: 145045

Credit Left: \$18.10

Time: 11:55

28 Sep 17

** Transfer Expires **

12:55 PM

* Free Transfer Trip
* within city boundary
* boarded before expiry
* NOT TRANSFERABLE

800 4 BUSLINE

800 4 2875463

www.b...t

**not to scale*

You'd have to pay attention
to know anything was happening.
The children on the platform
are always fighting
shoving each other on & off buses.
I'm keeping my head down.
Reading. Quietly.
A bus full of people all
twice my size...
not somewhere I want to be noticed.
The shouting is different now
not the shrill half-play usual here.
Baritone.
Angry.
When adults fight it's serious
and other people step in
& the bus pulls away
odd sense of detachment
like a ship off the coast
of a war zone
it's bad, okay,
but I'm out of reach so not too bad
until another bus starts moving
ponderously slow.
There is something chilling
watching the biggest car crash
you can imagine
imminent & in slow motion.
Driver stops in time.
Security breaks up the fight.
A four-hundred-pound queen (his word not mine)
winks, getting off at his stop, & says
'You have a *great* day, giiiiirrrrrlll.'

A little perspective is
a dangerous thing.

By Hand

There is something important about handwriting.

It conveys so much that typeface can't approach.

As Sherlock said

(A see above)

'this Watson, was written on a train'

but who writes in script who in print

& preferences of pen

- fountain, ballpoint, gel - are infinitely surprising.

In this age of typed everything

& 'just flick me an email'

when you can know someone for years

& never know

whether they write c/s with caps

& English or European servers

there is ~~something~~ ^{something} intimacy

about letters scribbled in pencil

and bird notes in margins

It feels like a small indiscretion

to use real ink & your own hand

to make exactly one copy

of something.

You can keep the copy - or

give it away / it is like

creating secrets.

www.busit.co.nz

Keep TKT for Transfer

BUSIT!

Route 2

Driver: 11619

Ticket: 4665

Fare: UNI SV \$1.70

From

To

Card: 145045

Credit Left: \$11.30

Time: 16:31

03 Oct 17

** Transfer Expires **

5:31 PM

* Free Transfer Trip *
* within city boundary *
* boarded before expiry *
** NOT TRANSFERABLE **

0800 4 BUSLINE

0800 4 2875463

by hand

There is something important
about handwriting.
It conveys so much
that typeface can't approach.
As Sherlock said
'this, Watson, was written
on a train,'
but who writes in script
and who in print
& preferences of pen
– fountain, ballpoint, gel –
are infinitely surprising.
In this age of typed
everything
& 'just flick me an email'
when you can know someone
for years
& never find out
whether they write a's with caps
& English or European sevens
there is a shocking intimacy
about letters scribbled in pencil
and biro'd notes in margins.
It feels like a small indiscretion
to use real ink & your own hands
to make exactly one copy
of something.
You can keep the copy...or
give it away
It is like
creating secrets.

And the Angel Said There
shall Be Time No Longer

The trouble with the last
is that you can't tell
except by looking back
where it was.

There was a time
you put down
your favorite book & never
picked it up again.

There was a time
you walked down a familiar street
for the last time.

This kind of last is low-stakes
hindsight-only

As you read back through
the book of your life
those moments are glossed
with 'little did they know'.
Planned lasts are different
there is the tension in buildup
watching the hours tick away
the sand trickle through
& as the last grain falls
you find that the last
is just the same as every other.
Both kinds are highlighted in memory.
But the one carries the bitterness
of the knowledge that
all things must end
& the other the comic aftermath
of a buildup to nothing.

Keep TET for Transfer

BUSIT!

Route 52A

Driver: 10592

Ticket: 3184

are: UNI SV \$1.70

From

To

Card: 145045

Credit Left: \$9.60

Time: 07:50

05 Oct 17

** Transfer Expires **

08:50 AM

* Free transfer trip *
* within city boundary *
* boarded before expiry *
** NOT TRANSFERABLE **

0800 4 BUSLINE

0800 4 2875463

www.hireit.co.nz

*and the angel said
there shall be time no longer*

The trouble with the last
is that you can't tell
except by looking back
where it was.

There was a time
you put down
your favorite book & never
picked it up again.
There was a time
you walked down a familiar street
for the last time.

This kind of last is low-stakes
hindsight-only
& as you read back through
the book of your life

These moments are glossed
with 'little did they know'.
Planned lasts are different
there is tension in the leadup
watching the hours tick away
the sand trickle through
& as the last grain falls
you find that the last
is just the same as every other.

Both kinds are highlighted in memory.
But the one carries the bittersweet
slightly dusty scent
of the knowledge that
all things must end
& the other the acrid aftertaste
of a buildup to nothing.

The Wings of the storm

I wish I could paint like Turner.
 Reach out with a paintbrush
 & pick up the clouds
 lying like a bulwark
 of tumbled rough stones
 along the horizon
 keeping mere mortals off
 the hozy watery blue
 gossamer-veiled sky
 where a skin of darker grey
 winds away like a steeping path
 stairway to heaven
 made wheelchair-friendly.
 I wish I could show you
 how the sky is curled to the east
 clots of wet white cottage cheese
 clumping & straggling away,
 while the storm builds behind them
 smooth purple-grey swells
 with the deadly stillness
 that comes of higher clouds
 moving still faster.
 And the sun strikes
 through the thin fins
 of the cloudbanks
 & pours in liquid flood
 over the land under the dark sky
 & every blade of grass
 stands straight up & glows
 but I can't & so
 a cataract of violet metaphor
 is all I have to show
 for a stormy spring evening.

www.busticket.com
 Keep TKT for Inspector

BUSIT!

Route 2B

Driver: 10147

Ticket: 1361

Fare: UNI SV \$1.70

From

To

I

Card: 145045

Credit Left: \$7.90

Time: 16:33

05 Oct 17

** Transfer Expires **

5:33 PM

* Free transfer trip
 * within city boundary
 * boarded before expiry
 * NOT TRANSFERABLE *

0800 4 BUSLINE

0800 4 2875463

the wings of the storm

I wish I could paint like Turner.
Reach out with a paintbrush
& pick up the clouds
lying like a bulwark
of tumbled rough stones
along the horizon
keeping mere mortals off
the hazy wateryblue
gossamer-veiled sky
where a skein of darker grey
winds away like a sloping path
stairway to heaven
made wheelchair-friendly.
I wish I could show you
how the sky is curdled to the east
clots of wet white cottage cheese
clumping and straggling away
while the storm builds behind them
smooth purple-grey swells
with the deadly stillness
that comes of higher clouds
moving still faster.
And the sun strikes
through the thin fins
of the cloudbanks
& pours in a liquid flood
over the land under the dark sky
& every blade of grass
stands straight up & *glows*
but I can't & so
a cataract of violet metaphor
is all I have to show
for a stormy spring evening.

The Teal Heels

Ambling down the road,
bare feet scuffing at gravel, shoes
dangling from my hand
I am myself. Not even
the slight grease of dark lipstick
detracts from the practicality
of jeans & leather jacket.
At the bus stop

I halt
step up onto cork platforms
buckle teal leather straps
& straighten
suddenly I am
an Amazon or Bond girl
simultaneously intimidating
as 5'3" feet high becomes 6'
fewer notice
how worried men get
when a woman is taller
& fragile, slowed
from a powerful surging stride
to hip-swinging strut.

The front of my mind knows
it is insanely irresponsible
to be alone
in the city
at night
in high heels.

The back is busy admiring
this ephemeral new creature
who will stalk along dressed as me
until I step down off the shoes.

www.DUSTLE.CO.NZ
Keep IKI for Inspection

BUSIT!

Route 9

Driver: 60140

Ticket: 2738

are: UNI SV \$1.70

From

To

Credit Left: \$2.10

Time: 17:56

Card: 145045

01 Nov 17

* Transfer Expires *

6:56 PM

Free transfer trip *
within city boundary *
boarded before expiry *
* NOT TRANSFERABLE *

ARNING CARD VALUE LOW
800 4 BUSLINE
800 4 807 LINE

the teal heels

Ambling down the road
bare feet scuffing the gravel, shoes
dangling from my hand
I am myself. Not even
the slight grease of dark lipstick
detracts from the practicality
of jeans and leather jacket.
At the bus stop
I halt
step up onto cork platforms
buckle teal leather straps
& straighten
suddenly I am
an Amazon or Bond girl
simultaneously intimidating
as 5½ feet high becomes six
(ever notice
how worried men get
when a woman is taller?)
& fragile, slowed
from a powerful surging stride
to a hip-swinging strut.
The front of my mind knows
it is insanely irresponsible
to be alone
in the city
at night
in high heels.
The back is busy admiring
this ephemeral creation
who will stalk along dressed as me
until I step down off the shoes.

'You can't take Norman to
 Scotland, darling,' Norman's
 a breeze block'
 You - you right now -
 what are you thinking about
 About a long day
 that magically combined
 repetitive tedious
 & sheer panic in a single word
 About trying to balance
 living & sleep & work
 with family demands
 and 'Thursday' = 16th
 And I think
 this is my life now
 this is being a grownup.
 It is not exciting but it is
 as plain and solid as a breeze block
 that does exactly what
 it's made to do, no more,
 that has clean simple lines
 no over-engineering
 that is in a word elegant.
 Such is the structure
 of your house
 of your life
 but you paint it & plant roses
 so nobody sees the breeze block
 & one day perhaps you will hide
 & stand on a bridge & jump
 because it's a perfect foundation
 at a terrible burden.

Keep IKI For Inspection

BUSIT!

Route 52

Driver: 10348

Ticket: 1338

Fare: UNI SV \$1.70

From

To

Card: 145045

Credit Left: \$0.40

Time: 18:07

15 Nov 17

** Transfer Expires **

7:07 PM

* Free Transfer trip *
 * within city boundary *
 * boarded before expiry *
 ** NOT TRANSFERABLE **
 WARNING: CARD VALUE LOW

0800 4 BUSLINE

0800 4 2875463

*'you can't take norman to scotland, darling;
norman's a breezeblock'*

You – you right now –
what are you thinking about?

About a long day
that magically combined
repetitive tedium
& sheer panic
in a single second.
About trying to balance
living & sleep & work
with family demands and
'Thursday' = '16th'
And I think
this is my life now
this is being a grownup.
It is not exciting
but it is
as plain and solid as a breezeblock
that does exactly what
it's made to do, no more,
that has clean simple lines
no decoration
no over-engineering
that is, in a word, elegant.
Such is the structure
of your house
of your life
but you paint it and plant roses
so nobody sees the breezeblocks
& one day perhaps you will hold onto it
& stand on a bridge & jump
because it is a perfect foundation
but a terrible burden.